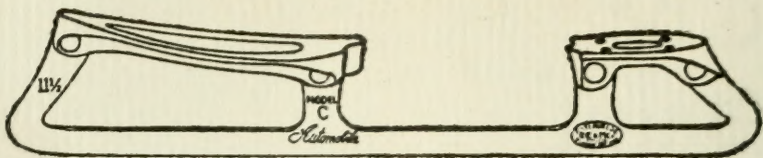


The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Revue

Xmas
1909



HOCKEY SKATES

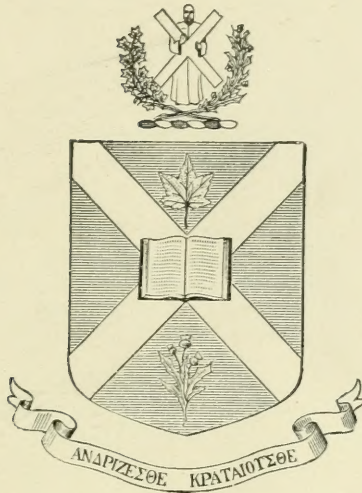
Automobile, Aluminum Top	-	-	\$5.00
Lunn Skates	-	-	5.00
Velox Skates	-	-	4.50
Mic-Mac Featherweight	-	-	3.00
Boker's Dominion	-	-	2.00
No. 1, Brotherton's Professional Boots,			
Steel Toes	-	-	\$4.00
Hockey Boots	-	-	1.50 to \$4.00
Spalding's Hockey Sticks	-	-	50c. to 75c.
Rex Hockey Sticks	-	-	65c.
Mic-Mac Sticks	-	-	50c.
Practice Sticks	-	-	25c.

Skates Sharpened, 10c.

J. BROTHERTON

550 YONGE STREET

The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS 1909.

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BELL I.

Business Manager:—BEATY II.

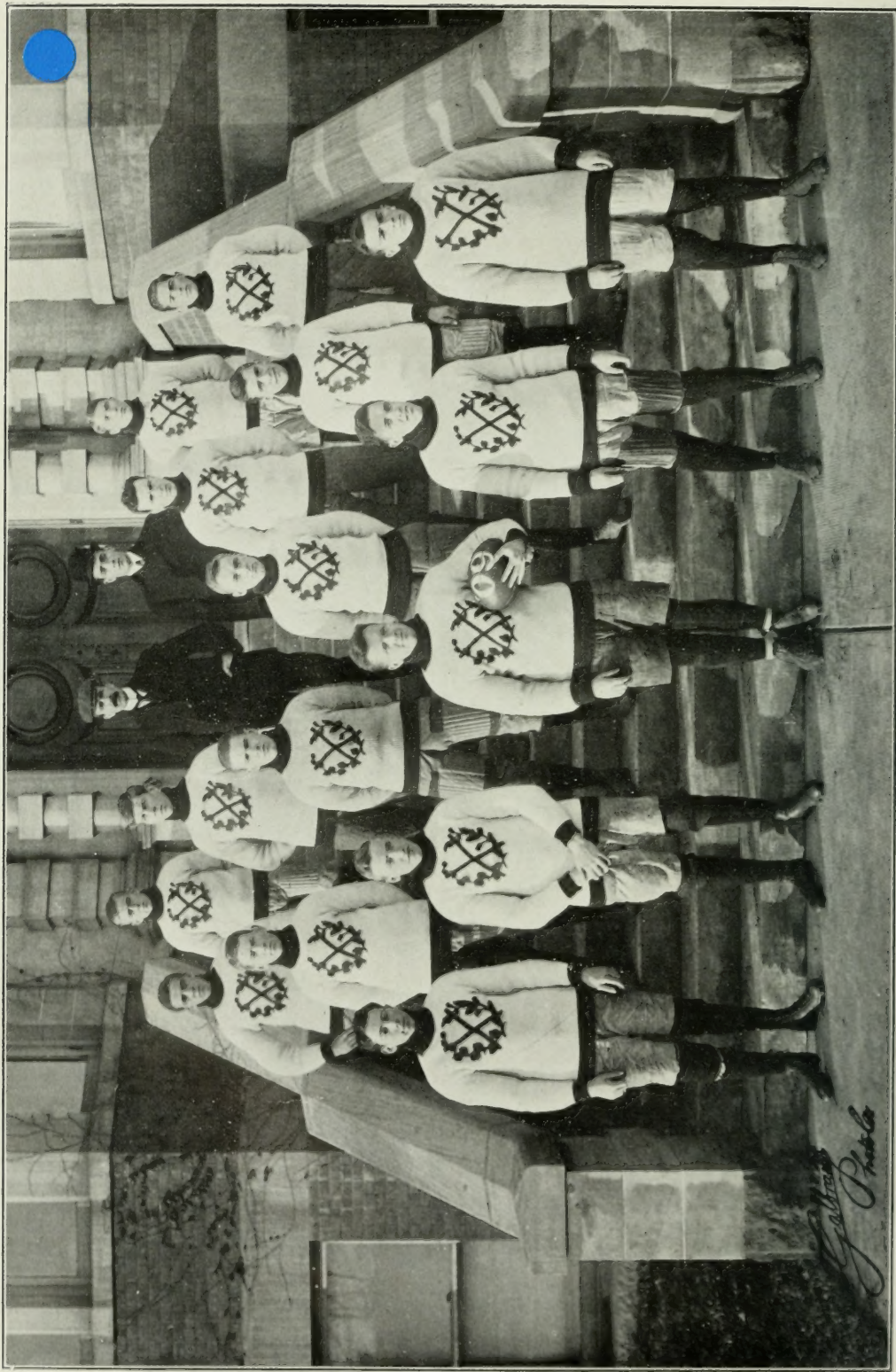
Asst. Managers:—{ EVANS
SHOOK

Exchange Editor:—OLIVER

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: G. H. MAGNER, B.A.

EDITORS: PAISLEY, McKEEN I., BEATY I., BELL I.

BUSINESS MANAGER: BEATY II. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: EVANS, SHOOK.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: OLIVER.

CHRISTMAS, 1909

Editorial.

“ SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.”

WITH the passing of Autumn there is in nature the death of things: the waning strength of the sun yields more and more to the darkness and chill of the north, until it seems that dread must enter the heart of man. Then it is that the magic of Christmas comes, and with it an irresistible spell changes all into mirth. Magic? Yes, for what else could transform the bleakest season of the year into the merriest—a time when each day as it draws nearer that high holiday is thronged with eager expectations, and the routine of work is almost forgotten in the joy of the ever-old yet ever-young Yuletide. There is a magic talisman which conjures up happiest and sweetest memories of Christmas days past, blending with these glad hopes, and weaving all into a glorious presence whose coming is to the mirthful, one rich with merriment and good cheer; to the sorrowful, a gracious and hallowed benediction; but to all an influence breaking down the barriers of self-reserve, dispelling petty hatreds, and revealing the fullest happiness of generosity, sympathy and kindness: an influence and a day symbolic of the return of the Golden Age.

Contributed Articles.

A TRIP TO CHINA AND JAPAN

† T was in the summer of nineteen hundred and seven that, having tried my school examinations, I found myself with a rather gloomy outlook for the holidays. I was well pleased, however, when one of my chums proposed that we should try and get a position on one of the ships in the harbor and work our way to China and Japan.

The next morning we got up early, and on arriving at the ship enquired as to the boatswain's whereabouts. We soon found him and asked if there were any vacancies on the ship's crew. He said that the crew was all aboard, but that we could ship as cabin-boys if we wanted to. We at once accepted his offer and were soon at work shining brass.

After what seemed a month to me, but which was in reality only a week, the lines were cast off and we started on our long ocean passage to Yokohama, which was our first port to call at.

For the first few days after we left port we had to work hard from morning until late at night. This soon ceased, however, and all we had to do was to get the meals from the galley in tin pots and serve them in the cabin to the quartermasters. The rest of the day was spent in loafing about the decks of the ship learning to tie knots, and sometimes scrubbing decks with a holy-stone. After supper was over I used to go down in the forecastle and listen to the sailors spinning yarns of the wrecks they had been in and the many ships they had worked on.

It was the evening of the tenth day at sea that land was sighted and the next morning we steamed into the harbor of Yokohama. After a stay of five hours in port we again put to sea and ran down the Japanese coast, calling at Nagasaki, Kobe and Shanghai, and at least reached Hong Kong harbor in the dead of night.

The city looked very beautiful with the lights twinkling from the water's edge up to an elevation of half a mile or more, with an occasional light even higher up, marking the solitary signal stations which warn mariners of a coming typhoon.

The next morning I got permission to go ashore, and was not long in hailing a sampan, which soon landed us at one of the many docks along the waterfront. We at once hired two rickshaws and were trying to tell the Chinamen that we wanted to ride around town, when a policeman came up and explained where we wanted to go. After riding around for an hour or so and paying our fare, which amounted to ten cents each, we went to the best restaurant in town and did full justice to the fare.

For a month we went ashore nearly every day sightseeing, and when at last the anchor was weighed for the homeward passage I don't think we had overlooked a nook in Hong Kong.

The return trip proved to be all right till Shanghai was passed, but when we steamed into Nagasaki we were at once put in quarantine and all the crew made to go ashore, where they took a bath in some mineral water and were then locked in a house all night without a bite of supper. The next morning the ship was free to go and, weighing anchor, we began our run up the Japanese coast and arrived at Yokohama without mishap, where we were again examined and then allowed to proceed on our journey across the Pacific.

The voyage proved to be a rough one, and everybody aboard was pleased when we ran into Vancouver again. The next day I was paid off and left the ship for good and all. So ended my voyage to China and Japan.

H. T. NICOL, IV. B.

THE EARTHQUAKE

I HAD been riding most of the day. I brought the pay in from Taxco to the miners of the Atlixnac mines. Consequently I was tired, so I turned in early. The house where I was living with my brother was built on the side of a mountain; the horse corral was below the house, and the mine opening was still farther up the rocky slope. As I have before stated, I was so tired that I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

Two or three quick lightning flashes awakened me, shortly followed by a roar of thunder that echoed and re-echoed down the canyon. As I lay thinking of the coming storm, I noticed a slight

trembling of the bed on which I lay. I knew at once what it was. I jumped out of bed and called my brother, who followed me to the door. All was dark except for the momentary flashes of lightning; the air was still and hot, as it always is before an earthquake.

We hurried back to the house and dressed as quickly as possible; not a word was spoken as we buckled on our revolvers and picked up our rifles, each knowing the other's thoughts.

As we ran down to the corral, that terrifying underground thunder that always comes with severe earthquakes, broke upon our ears, and the tremble underfoot came on a little heavier.

We saddled two of the best horses and started down the canyon trail. As I took a farewell glance at the house, I saw a huge rock at the top of the mountain start to roll down, bringing with it everything that it came in contact with. My brother heard the noise and looked around. By the quick successional flashes of lightning, the rock could be seen crashing through the brush: it was coming desperately near the house; suddenly it lurched toward it and took one side of it in its headlong flight, and the remains were buried in the avalanche that followed.

We turned and galloped down the trail again with the horses swaying unsteadily on the moving ground. The river that ran swiftly but silently down the canyon, was now tossing about in every direction, apparently not moving in accordance with any fixed law.

The earthquake had stopped for a moment and we took advantage of it and tore down the narrow path at a breakneck speed. We had only gone about a mile when the motion started again in double fury. Stones and earth were rolling down the mountain sides in little avalanches. The horses could hardly keep their feet, but we spurred them on in spite of everything.

The underground rumble, combined with the thunder and the roar of the river below, made it impossible for us to communicate.

Now came the more difficult part: we had to go around a cliff on a ledge about two yards wide, with a sheer drop one hundred and fifty feet on one side and the tall cliff on the other.

A streak of lightning struck the hills across from us with a hissing crack, followed immediately by a deafening clap of thunder, and with it came rain. We thought it unsafe to ride any farther, so we dismounted and left the panic-stricken horses to run blindly for home.

The earthquake now became furious; the ground on which we stood threatened to slide at any moment. Then came the worst. Flash after flash of blinding lightning hissed through the dusty air, darting its death-dealing tongues in every direction, followed by one continuous roar of thunder.

My brother was praying and cursing alternately as we clung to the slippery ledge. Gradually the movement of the ground subsided, but the thunder and lightning still kept up its magnificent display. We arose and staggered on to where there was an old mine opening, and crawling into it we saw a huge gray wolf cowering in one corner of the cave. At other times I might have shot the wolf; but now I was too exhausted to do anything of that kind. My brother flung himself on the ground, and I noticed as I did the same that the wolf was wagging its tail; then I fell into the sleep of exhaustion.

I awoke, but did not open my eyes; something rough was being rubbed over my face. I looked up and my eyes met those of that great gray wolf. Its hot breath was fanning my cheek. It did not look vicious, so I ventured to raise my hand and touch its back. It did not turn savagely on me, as I expected it to, but gave a yelp like a playful puppy. I pushed it away from me, that I could get up, as it was standing with its fore paws on my chest. I went to the mouth of the cave and looked out. All was a scene of destruction. The river below was black and full of trees, and all kinds of rubbish was drifting on its quiet surface. A few buzzards were soaring around far overhead, darkly silhouetted against the clear blue sky, and now and then an eagle's screech would pierce the awful stillness of that desolate canyon.

Something touched my hand. I turned and saw the wolf with two dead rabbits in its mouth. He dropped them at my feet, and looked at me inquisitively. I picked them up and offered him one, but he turned away from it. Evidently he had eaten all he wanted and brought these back for me. The earthquake had thoroughly cowed the wolf and now he was tame and friendly towards me. I went into the mine to awaken my brother. The wolf ran ahead of me, and when I went to my brother he put his front feet on him and growled savagely and would not let me touch him.

I set about preparing the breakfast of rabbits and the wolf trotted down the trail with his nose high and his shaggy tail waving from side to side in the haughtiest manner.

I returned to my brother. I shook him; he was stiff and cold. Was he dead? God forbid. As I raised him his head fell back limply and I noticed tooth marks in his throat. Now I saw the wolf's reason for keeping me away from him. A darkening in the mine entrance attracted my attention. It was the wolf. Its eyes were now ablaze, and its nostrils red and bloody. I drew my revolver and took a long, steady aim. Revenge must have been written all over my face as my finger whitened on the trigger. I fired. The wolf pitched headlong, and even as it did so a small armadillo scurried out from a crevice in the cave and out of the mine and away.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that the armadillo had killed my brother and that I had shot my best friend and protector. I ran over to the wolf and buried my face in its still warm fur and cried. After a while I dozed off with my head still on the dead wolf's body.

* * * *

I awoke with a start to find myself half smothered. My face was deep down in the pillow and all the clothes were over my head. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window, down into the river below that was running as clear and peaceful as ever, the mountains were all green and cattle were quietly grazing on them. And there and then I thanked God that it was only a dream.

W. D. WILLIAMS, IV. B.

A WESTERN ROMANCE

“**W**HAT'S that you're talking 'bout? Love stories? Huh! take 'em away. None for me. I got mixed up in one, and that was enough for a lifetime. What d'ye say? Want to hear it? Wall, I don't know. I've never spoken 'bout it to anyone before. Oh, guess I'll tell it to you.

“It happened something like this. Back in '91, when I was prospecting with Bill Somers in California, we struck it rich, and staked a claim near the old mining camp at San—San—oh, one of them dago names they have down there—it doesn't much matter. Well, anyhow, we were making money hand over fist. That claim

sure was a record-breaker. Why, we used to take big chunks of pure gold out of it the size of your fist. We sent hardly any to the smelter, it came out so pure. Say, in one day—well—this hasn't anything to do with a love story. Anyhow me and Bill were getting along fine, we never scrapped; always good pals, that is, of course, till the girl came.

"'Mac' James was the government assayer at the camp. 'Mac' was one of them fellows what look as if they have seen better days. He never mentioned anything 'bout it, but we all thought so just the same.

"I was sitting in our shack one day, smoking my old corn-cob, when Bill, my partner, come rushin' in. 'Say, Jim,' says he, 'what d'ye think? There's a peach uv a girl stayin' at 'Mac' James'! They say it's his daughter, but I'll be hanged if I knew he had one.'

"She proved to be 'Mac's' daughter all right, and say, fellows, Nellie James sure was a peach. She was 'bout medium height, and had light brown hair, blue eyes, and the greatest little smile you ever saw.

"Well, of course, the whole camp fell in love with her right away. But the most the bunch of the fellows did was long-distance 'fussing.' 'Mac' guarded that girl like gold. Bill and I, however, were his particular 'pals,' and so we saw Nellie pretty often.

"It would be hard to tell which of us had it worst. If Nellie had to go up the hill to the spring to fetch water, it always happened that Bill or I was at the spring when she got there, and, of course, carried the water back for her. If Nellie went to the camp's one and only store for provisions, either Bill or I always happened to be at the store, or else walking past, just as she was coming out. We got it so bad that we used to scrap, in a friendly sort of way, about who would meet her at the spring, or the store, or who was going down to see 'Mac' that evening.

"When I come to think 'bout it now, Nellie didn't pay much attention to either of us. She was civil to us and all that, but that's 'bout all. Unfortunately we were so struck on her that we couldn't see that. Well, things got worse, and we nearly had real fights 'bout her. We had all sorts of word fights, but it seldom got any further.

"One day I saw Nellie go up to the spring for water, so I went up the other path, and, of course, accidentally got there just as

she did. I'd just got there and asked to carry her pail back when Bill came along. Soon as he saw me he looked awful grouchy. 'What's the matter, Bill?' said I. 'Nothin',' said Bill, kind of mad-like. 'You sure don't look it,' I said, and Nellie and I walked on.

"Well, I got back to the shack, and, being kind of tired, lay down and went to sleep. When I woke up there was Bill in the shack, whetting his old sheath-knife for all he was worth. "What's that for, Bill?" says I. 'For you!' shouts Bill, and makes a rush at me, with the knife in his hand. I dodged, and Bill turned at me again. He tried to make a slash at me, but I managed to grab his wrist and wrench the knife from his grasp. Then we grappled and wrestled around for a while till finally I got Bill on his back and was holding him there, when suddenly we heard a knock at the door and a feminine voice said, 'May I come in?' and in walked Nellie James.

" 'Well' said Nellie, 'this is queer. What's the matter?'

"Neither Bill nor I said anything, but we both got up. Then we noticed the queerest-looking chap I have ever seen, standing behind Nellie. He had on black and white checkered trousers, low kind of shoes like pumps, a long black bow tie, and a black velvet coat. Besides this he had curly hair and the nicest pink and white complexion I ever saw on a man. 'This,' said Nellie, stepping beside the sport, 'is Mr. Fitzgerald, the famous artist. Mr. Fitzgerald and I are engaged to be married shortly. But what I came to see you for was to say that papa wants you both to come and have dinner with us to-night. Well, guess we'll be going. Good afternoon,' and out they trooped.

"To say we were surprised would be putting it easy. Bill looked at me and I looked at Bill. At last Bill put out his hand and said, 'Shake, pal.' We shook, and after that were as good pals as ever. No, sir, no more love stories for your Uncle Bill."

D. STEWART SCOTT, V. B.

A MISTAKEN VENGEANCE

† T was a warm evening in Jamaica. The windows of the planter's house were thrown open to admit the few light breezes that usually came then from the shore. Through these wide rays of light spread across the verandah, and through these also came the clink of glasses and the noise of many voices. It was evident that Col. Harvey, the owner of the house, was making merry with his friends.

Out on the verandah it was dark between the patches of light, and in this darkness, peering cautiously forward to catch a glimpse of the interior and obviously careful not to thrust his head too far into the light, crouched the figure of a man—a negro. One hand, protruding gradually from the gloom, disclosed a revolver. Slowly he began to raise his arm, when suddenly at one end of the table, the voices grew loud and angry. The arm was quietly lowered.

The kneeling figure could see a red-faced gentleman pause in the act of singing some wild refrain. He bent further forward and strained his ears.

“You did, sir!”

“I deny it.”

“I say, sir, that I heard you with my own ears.”

“And I say, sir, that you lie.”

There was the sound of a falling chair, a volley of oaths, and a crash of glass. When next the negro looked he saw, held apart by their friends, the host, Col. Harvey, and his friend, Jamieson.

The former was saying, “You shall give me satisfaction for this.”

Both were intoxicated and would not listen to reason. In spite of all their friend's efforts the two seemed determined to fight that night and chose Scott and Chambers for their seconds. Although very unwilling, these two saw no way but to agree. They accordingly stepped out of the open window on to the verandah, to settle the preliminaries. As they did so Chambers caught the other by the arm—

“Hello! What's the matter?”

“I thought I saw someone disappear in the shadow, there, by the corner of the house.

“Some servant, perhaps, attracted by the noise of the quarrel

inside. I don't wonder at it. There was enough row to be heard a mile away."

Both were very anxious to prevent an encounter, and finally determined to load the guns with powder only, trusting, for their success, to the drunkenness of the rivals.

Finally, the matter was arranged. Twenty minutes later, on the lawn, encircled with shrubs, behind the planter's house, the company had gathered to see the two angry men dispose of their differences. On the open lawn the moon shone brightly enough. The shrubbery around was dark, and the figures of the spectators could scarcely be seen against the black foliage.

The two men took their places. The seconds stood aside, and Mr. Chambers gave the word—

"Fire!"

Out upon the night rang the explosion. Almost before the flash, one of the figures staggered a step—two steps—and then, with a piercing cry, fell upon his face.

It was Mr. Jamieson.

"Admirable acting, I must say," was Mr. Chambers' remark, as he strolled up to the group around the fallen man.

"He has fainted," he said quietly.

"Fainted! Good Heavens, man, what are you talking about? He is dead!"

It was true. As they tried to lift him, he fell back lifeless. At this moment, Col. Harvey, sober enough now, came up. He was ghastly white.

"I have not killed him? Tell me—someone—that I have not! For God's sake, lift him up and let him tell me that he is not dead!"

"He will never speak again," said one.

"That is absurd," said Chambers; "and I will tell you why. Scott and I loaded the muskets. We put in no bullets; only powder. He —"

"See here," interrupted a man who was bending over the body, "It is in the back. He is shot in the back!"

"In the back?"

"Some other hand than Harvey's fired this shot," screamed Chambers. He couldn't have done it. It's impossible. Search the bushes, everybody."

They did not need the exhortation. There was a rush for the

shrubbery. Hardly had they taken a step when there was a rustle ahead of them, and Scott, who was first, caught sight of a figure creeping away in the shadow.

"There he is—the murderer! Catch him—all of you."

The man, seeing himself caught, came towards them. He was a negro.

"Yes, I did it," he said, pointing to the now unloaded revolver, which he held.

At this moment Col. Harvey came up.

"You!" cried the negro. "You!" His expression was horrible. "I thought it was you—that I—Who is it?" he cried. "Who is it that I have killed?" Presently he turned to Harvey.

"I thought it was you," he cried. "I meant it to be you. Look here; you've caught me, and I shall be hanged for this; but you may as well hear my story. I thought you were the man I covered with my gun."

"The fellow is mad," said Harvey. "What harm can I have done him? I never saw his face before."

"But I have seen yours," the negro replied. "Do you remember riding into Kingston last Tuesday?"

"Yes, but what of it?" replied the Colonel.

"On your way you passed a gibbet. Perhaps you don't remember; but I do. My dead brother was on it. I was on the other side of the hedge watching all day. You rode up to that gibbet, and what did you do? You stuck a pipe in his mouth, and grinned. A pretty joke, wasn't it? And a safe one, no doubt. Niggers—and dead niggers, too—are a quiet lot. And I love my brother—which seems strange in a nigger, you think. I was listening on the verandah to-night. I heard where you were going to fight. I got there ahead of you. But the darkness played me a trick. I have shot the wrong man. You can hang me now; but I am sorry I did not shoot you instead."

BEATY I.

Athletics.

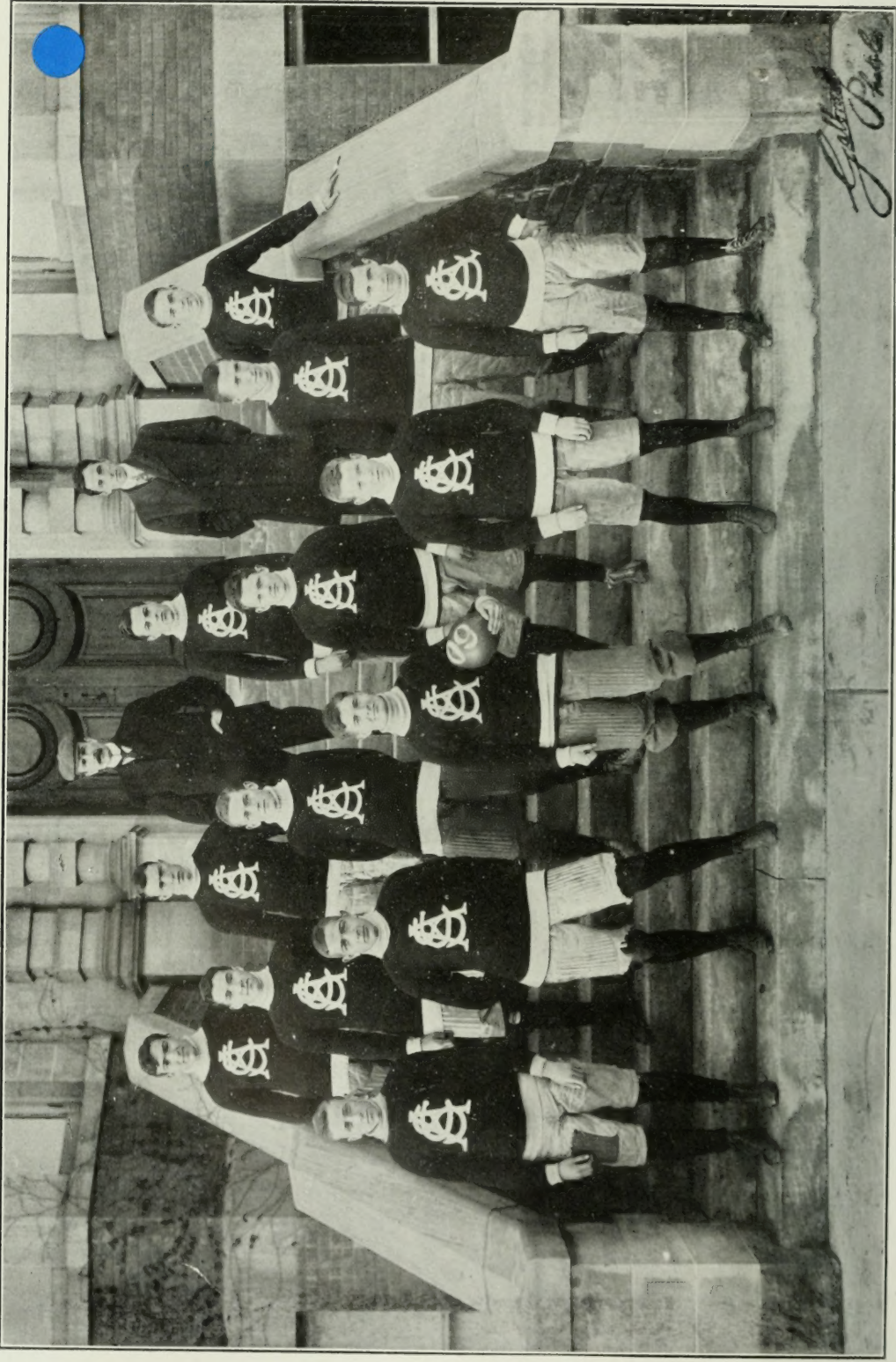
RUGBY

THE football season, lately completed, must certainly be ranked with the most successful in the history of the College. In contrast to last year, there was abundant material on hand when we assembled in September, and before many practices had been held, it could easily be seen that S.A.C. were going to enjoy at least a prominent position in school Rugby. Our delight can well be imagined when, for the second time in its history, the grand old Crimson and White annexed the championship of the "Little Big Four." The result must have been very gratifying to the members of the fourteen, who worked hard throughout the season, and well earned their reward.

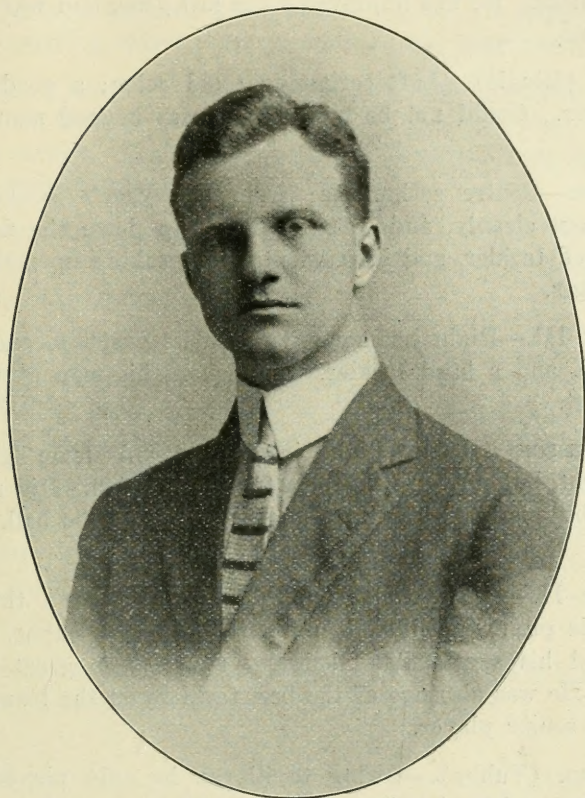
A comparison in a general way with the former '07 champions might not be out of place. This year's team surpasses the former holders of the honor, but whether they excel them or not is very difficult to say. Wynstanley's team certainly were a powerful aggregation. The '09 team, however, had a stronger defence, as may be seen by these scores: In 1907, S.A.C. 27, Ridley 11; S.A.C. 15 U.C.C. 14; S.A.C. 51, T.C.S. 22—thus scoring 93 points against their opponents' 47. This year the games resulted more decisively for the Saints. B.R.C. were beaten 50—18, U.C.C. 11—6, and T.C.S. 52—0, a total of 113 points against 24 scored by our rivals.

Turning from the firsts, the most successful team was the thirds, whose record would be a great credit to any school. They proved themselves the best III. team to ever carry the school's colors.

The seconds are also deserving of considerable praise, although their record is not quite so brilliant. Indeed, nearly every team was of more than average ability. Altogether, it has been a splendid football year for St. Andrew's.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE SECOND TEAM



E. H. PAISLEY
CAPTAIN

PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM

PAISLEY (Ginger).—Captain. He was one of the best captains the school has ever had. He showed excellent judgment. He played quarter and passed faultlessly; was sure in his tackles, and stopped many a dangerous buck. Though handicapped by a weak shoulder, which was injured early in the season, he worked harder than anyone else, and a large measure of the success is due to him.

WATEROUS (Chuck).—Left middle; oldest color on the team, having played with two "champions." He has had considerable experience, and is for this reason the best on the line. A good man

to stop bucks. He has improved since last year, and was on hand at all times.

BELL (Dingle).—Left scrimmage; old color; a good, aggressive player. Could not be moved, and was a good man for the position.

OLIVER.—Centre scrimmage; from last year's seconds. Got the ball out cleanly, and was the first man down the field on a kick. Good tackler, and instrumental in breaking up many bucks and plunges.

SMITH III.—Right scrimmage; from last year's seconds. Very aggressive, and a hard tackler. Could hold his man at will, and rather fast.

McPHERSON (Red).—Right inside; second team graduate; rather light, but proved his fitness for the position. Did not shine on runs, but showed clearly his ability to fall on the ball. A hard tackler.

SMITH II.—Centre half; captain of last year's thirds. A remarkable punter; could outpunt anyone in the league. A sure catch, and his spectacular dodging runs were great ground-gainers. He was also one of the best tacklers on the team. He is a coming senior player.

KILGOUR (Tubby).—Owing to illness, he only played in the Ridley game, where he showed great ability in running the team after Paisley was hurt. Hits the line hard, and was a tower of strength to the back division; a splendid tackler.

MCGILLIVRAY (Don).—Right outside; the fastest man on the team; made many big gains on account of his exceptional speed; played better game against B.R.C. and U.C.C., as he was too closely watched by T.C.S.; a good tackler.

MONTGOMERY (Monty).—A new boy; left outside; speedy, and a good hard tackler, seldom missing his man. He played a particularly brilliant game against T.C.S. His passing was also worthy of mention.

NICOL (Nie).—Left inside; a new boy, who soon showed his ability in playing the game. The best leader of a buck on the

team. Played a brilliant game against U.C.C. A dangerous man for the opposing quarter on account of his long reach.

RISTEEN (Rusty).—Right middle; another new man; at first tried out on the half line, then moved to the wing line, where he proved a success. His defensive playing was his strong point. He was also very aggressive.

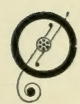
BICKNELL.—Right half; from last year's seconds. A fast man and good at leading bucks; also quick to take advantage of his opponents' misplays; a fair tackler.

ROGERS (Ely).—Left half; a sure catch and a good punter; a very useful man; also a good tackler. Showed pluck in playing against T.C.S., after his injury at U.C.C. Tried quarter at the first of the season, but was a greater success at half-back.

ROSS.—Full-back. Enjoys the marked distinction of jumping from last year's fourths to this year's firsts. A reliable catcher and punter. Did some splendid running against T.C.S., and deserves a great deal of credit for his work at U.C.C., it being his first game with the firsts.

The team wishes to assure Gooderham I. of their keen appreciation of his work as manager during the season.

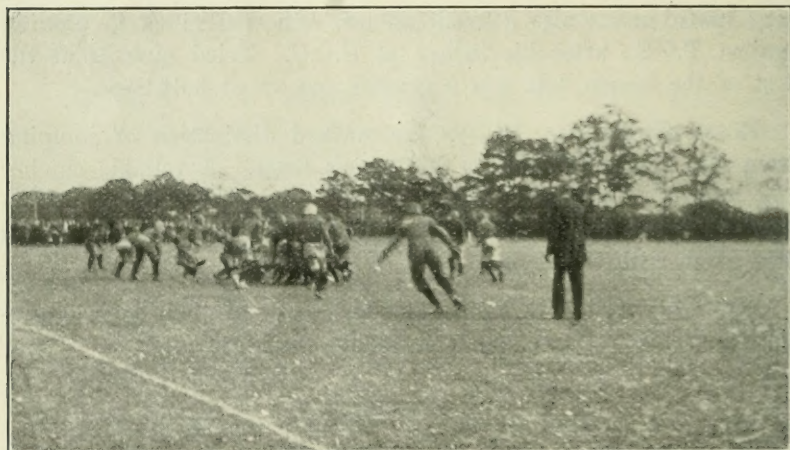
S. A. C. vs. B. R. C.

 ON the 16th of October, the opening game of the "Little Big Four" League was played on the College grounds with Ridley as opponents. In this encounter, S.A.C. scored an easy victory, defeating B.R.C. by 50—18. The visitors, who were lighter and less speedy, were clearly outplayed.

The day was rather hot for the players, but a strong north-west wind made it uncomfortable for the spectators, of whom there was a splendid turnout. S.A.C. appeared first, and were greeted in a suitable manner. Ridley appeared a minute later, and were treated to their own yell, given by the College supporters. They wore new suits, which attracted considerable attention on account of their color. As both teams were composed in a great measure of new material, everybody was anxious to watch developments.

The playing of the College team was more than satisfactory, and plainly showed their scoring ability, as well as their first-class defence work. Kilgour, Smith and Bicknell did splendid running, and the wing line was excellent, McGillivray's running being the shining feature. Everybody bucked to advantage, and Montgomery did some good passing. Oliver also performed splendidly at centre scrim. Ridley played pluckily against S.A.C.'s superior weight, but although fighting gamely, never were dangerous.

Referee Woods called the game at 11.30, and started the ball rolling for 1909.



ST. ANDREW'S 50, RIDLEY, 18

S.A.C. won the toss, and chose the north end, taking the slight advantage given by the wind, which, although strong, blew nearly across the field.

Ridley started affairs with a rush, and soon had S.A.C. on their twenty-five-yard line. Here, however, they lost the ball, and College altered the aspect of affairs when Paisley broke through the Orange line, and then passed to McGillivray, who made a remarkably speedy run to B.R.C.'s twenty-five-yard line. It was a fine performance. S.A.C.'s heavy wing line now forced matters, and a minute later Capt. Paisley scored the first try of the year by circling Ridley's left end. This was neatly converted. On the kick-off, S.A.C. secured, and Smith punted deep into our opponents' territory. Here S.A.C.'s attacks were stubbornly contested.

but finally McGillivray again showed his speed by making the second try on an end run. This seemed to disconcert Ridley, and, while Smith's punting was holding them on the defensive, the rest of the College team were fighting their way for a try, which was finally secured near quarter-time. Meanwhile, Smith had kicked for 3 points. This left the score at quarter-time, S.A.C. 19, B.R.C. 0. Smith's kicking and McGillivray's running were the features of this period.

The first part of the second quarter was disastrous for S.A.C. Ridley, with the wind in their favor, had the Crimson and White in difficulties from the start, as punts were very difficult to handle. In a short time Barnham had scored two points by his booting, and then, to the consternation of the College supporters, he slipped through an opening in the line and secured a try. Our uneasiness, moreover, increased considerably when it was found that Paisley had injured his shoulder, and would have to retire, Kilgour replacing him at quarter.

From the kick-off, however, S.A.C. proved the aggressor. Bicknell came to the fore by running back a punt in great style, up the touch line. Unfortunately, he stepped into touch about five yards out. The Orange and Black, after Oliver had forced them to rouse on Smith's punt, made a plucky stand, repelling our onslaughts time and again. But all their attempts to clear seemed unavailing, and finally the ball was forced over their line by a triple buck, headed by Bicknell. This concluded S.A.C.'s game fight against the wind. For the remainder of the half the play centered in mid-field, thus leaving the score at half-time: S.A.C. 25, B.R.C. 7.

Nicol's good run opened the third quarter auspiciously for S.A.C. This started the good work. Ridley handled Smith's punts very uncertainly, and the College team rushed them down the field, Kilgour soon adding another try to our list. B.R.C. kicked from the centre, and Smith returned the ball, which, however, was given to Ridley for interference. From this position—10 yards out—Jarvis scored B.R.C.'s second try. This only served to incite the Crimson and White, and for the remainder of the quarter the visitors were outplayed, Kilgour finally scoring from half-way on a beautiful run. This made it 35 to 12 for S.A.C.

Ridley put all her reserve strength into play in a desperate effort to gain on College, but they were tiring rapidly. Barnham

kicked to the College line, and Smith relieved with a magnificent run the whole length of the field for a try. He certainly deserved all kinds of praise. Ridley, by kicking repeatedly, forced S.A.C. to rouge, and then a punt got away from Bicknell just outside the line, and the Orange and Black secured their third and last try by a strenuous buck. This seemed to be their last effort, as they were helpless after this before the running of Kilgour and Bicknell. Kilgour surprised them, and secured a try on a splendid run; and a few minutes later the finishing touch to this remarkable game occurred when Bicknell made a spectacular dodging run of seventy-five yards, getting over for the last try of the game. The final score was: S.A.C. 50, B.R.C. 18. Woods refereed impartially, but some thought him unnecessarily strict on offside interference in the open. The teams:

Ridley.—Full, Cronyn; halves, Stevenson, Byrne, Barnham (Capt.); quarter, Jarvis; scrim., Tidy, Wallbank, Hammond; wings, Jones, Leask, Ussher, Hamilton, Lee, Schoemberger.

S.A.C.—Full, Smith II.; halves, Kilgour, Rogers, Bicknell; quarter, Paisley; scrim., Bell, Oliver, Smith III.; wings, Risteen, Nicol, Waterous, McPherson, McGillivray, Montgomery.

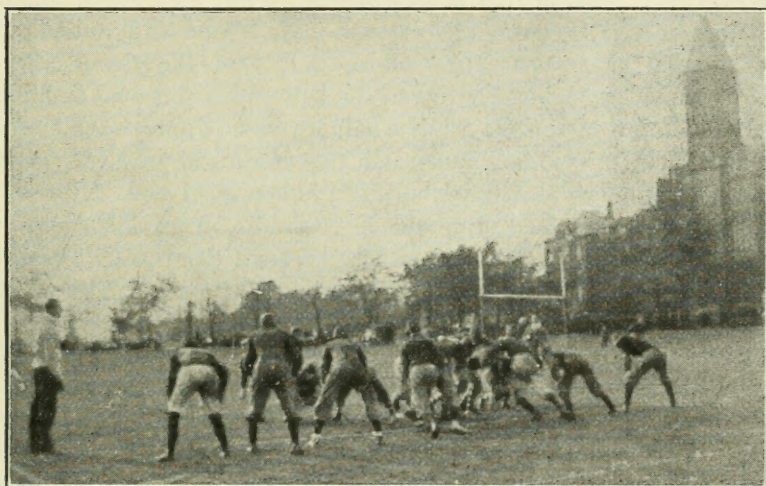
BEATY I.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

AFTER the results of the games previously played, it became practically certain that, were we to defeat U.C.C., it would give us a very firm hold on the championship. With this important issue at stake, thousands flocked to Upper Canada on that memorable day, the 30th of October, to see the eighth annual contest between these two long-standing rivals. That this struggle is yearly gaining in public favor was clearly demonstrated by the large crowd, which kept rapidly surrounding the oval as time drew near. As predicted, the game itself proved the best one of the "Little Big Four" season, and earned much well-merited praise from the papers. It was a grand contest, the more so as S.A.C. left the field victors by 11 to 6, this being the third successive time that the Boys in Blue have been defeated by us on their own grounds. U.C.C. put up a game fight, but they were opposed to

better condition and better team play, and finally succumbed to the fierce onslaughts of the Crimson line. To lose such a game was no disgrace. They did their best, but that was not equal to the task of defeating the Saints.

The day of the match opened very discouragingly, as it rained hard all morning. This did not serve to heighten the College spirits, which had been dampened the day before by the announcement that Art Kilgour, our star centre-half, had developed appendicitis, and would, of course, be out of the game. However, as noon approached and the sun broke through the clouds, the feel-



ST. ANDREW'S 11, U.C.C. 6

ings of the boys responded quickly to this cheerful change, and everybody went up to U.C.C. more confident than ever in the merits of their team. Altogether, it was a glorious victory, and showed, much better than words, the efficiency of the College team. It also reflected much credit to Capt. Paisley. He has done excellent work all year, but this was the crowning effort of a very successful season. The remarkable playing of E. Smith in this game also deserves special mention.

The teams' appearance was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm, which roused the determination of them both to the highest point. When they lined up, U.C.C.'s wing line seemed

slightly heavier on the whole, but there was no marked difference between them.

After Hendry had made the usual speech about offside interference, etc., the whistle was blown, and, amid the deafening roars of yell after yell, hurled from either side across the field, the supreme contest of the year began.

The choosing of the west end of the field, on winning the toss, gave U.C.C. no particular advantage. S.A.C. tried a triple buck on the kick-off, but failed to gain. However, the Saints tore in with a vengeance, which, in less than two minutes, sufficed to score on U.C.C., McGillivray's good run and Nicol's buck resulting in a try. This proved a big surprise to our opponents, but it certainly served to settle them down. An offside and Saunders' run brought them near the College line. On the third down, U.C.C. punted over, but Smith ran the ball out in splendid fashion. S.A.C. now forced the play, but a minute later Upper Canada got the ball on a misjudged punt, and they indulged in some good bucking, Saunders also contributing another good run. But the Crimson line tightened up, and he was forced to kick, Smith again relieving well. McPherson tore through the U.C.C. line for yards, and Smith kicked for another gain. The Boys in Blue now used their heavy wings frequently, but S.A.C.'s defence was so stubborn that they were forced to resort to their onside kicks, by which Clarkson scored a try after ten minutes' bitter struggle. This evened up matters, and for the remainder of the quarter neither team had much the advantage, the ball being on U.C.C.'s forty-yard-line when the whistle blew. In this quarter U.C.C. did good work with their onside kick, but their wings, although slightly heavier, did not gain at critical stages. Smith's playing was prominent for S.A.C. The score now stood 5 all.

U.C.C. started the next quarter in determined fashion. Bird relieved by a kick at the start, and Smith was hurt when tackled. Paisley then broke through for yards, and Waterous, on the next down, ripped a hole in the Blue line for a similar distance. U.C.C. got the ball on an offside interference, and by bucking and onside kicks worked it back. But Smith was right there. He relieved by a kick, and afterwards by a thirty-yard run. Risteen was hurt here after making a magnificent tackle. Upper Canada were playing for all that were in them; but the Saints were impregnable when a gain would have been dangerous. Paisley was hurt, but

was able to continue. S.A.C. got the ball, and "Chuck" bucked for another gain. The Crimson and White were holding well. Saunders kicked, and Rogers unfortunately was badly injured in the mouth in catching the ball. He pluckily continued for a few minutes, but was finally forced to retire, Delaplante replacing him. For the remainder of the half, U.C.C. had the better of the play, but Waterous' and Nicol's bucks, as well as Smith's kicking and running, kept them busy. It looked anybody's game when the teams left the field, although U.C.C. did not appear as fresh as the Saints, who seemed to have been content to stop the Boys in Blue from scoring. The score at half-time read: S.A.C. 5, U.C.C. 5.

U.C.C. retained the ball on the kick-off, but were soon forced to punt. The Saints now began to show their mettle. McGillivray made a nice run, and then Waterous, whose bucks were always effective, gained another twenty yards. But S.A.C. lost the ball, and Galliher gained ten yards. Smith made a neat run when Saunders was forced to kick. Nicol went through the Upper Canada line easily, and made a great run. Paisley showed good judgment in using Waterous and Nicol often. The Boys in Blue here steadied up for a minute, and Smith booted on the third down. U.C.C. lost the ball, but recovered it as no yards were given. Saunders lost on an exchange of punts. He then broke away for a big gain. He and Galliher seemed the only men able to pierce the Crimson line. U.C.C. lost the ball, and Montgomery got away for a handy run. The Saints now rushed, and a minute later Paisley kicked into touch-in-goal, and put S.A.C. in the lead. Play still continued in favor of the Saints, but quarter-time prevented any addition to their score. At this stage S.A.C. looked to have a slight advantage, as their better condition began to be apparent. The Crimson and White now led by 6 to 5.

Both teams went at it hammer and tongs. Saunders' weak ankle was injured by McPherson's hard tackle. Although his leg was in bad condition, he stuck gamely to his position. S.A.C. got the ball on downs, and Paisley found an opening for fifteen yards.

Nicol again came into prominence with a buck. U.C.C. seemed unable to hold him. The Saints lost the ball a minute later, and Ross made a fine return of Saunders' punt. Play hovered near the centre for a short time, but once more Nicol overthrew all opposition and smashed through for yards. Smith then kicked

into touch near the U.C.C. line. Now occurred the climax of the game. The Upper Canada wings were tiring, and failed to hold. Saunders' kick was blocked, and Montgomery dribbled the ball over the line. He made a magnificent dive, and landed square on the leather for a try, in spite of the desperate efforts of several U.C.C. men to get the ball. This try was not converted, leaving the score: S.A.C. 11, U.C.C. 5. Saunders' men rushed from the kick-off, and their last effort consisted in kicking to touch-in-goal, making the score 11 to 6. For the remainder of the game the Saints had decidedly the advantage. They proved more than a match for the Blue line, and showed the result of Paisley's hard work by finishing in much better condition than their opponents. Smith tore off two spectacular runs near the finish, and was robbed of a try by Clarkson's great tackle. When the whistle blew the ball was in the Saints' possession on U.C.C.'s twenty-yard line. There was a wild demonstration after the game, and the team were made the heroes of the hour. Every man made a game struggle from the whistle, and was finally rewarded for his efforts.

For U.C.C., Saunders and Galliher outshone the remainder of their team, and their playing was responsible for most of the opposition against the Crimson and White.


To pick the stars for S.A.C. is a very difficult matter, although E. Smith had a shade on everybody. His running and kicking were of an exceptional variety. He and Paisley, whose headwork was always noticeable, share in a great extent the credit for the victory; but then we ask, what would S.A.C. have done without Nicol, Waterous or Montgomery, in fact any of the team? It was a triumph of team play against individual effort. The line-up:

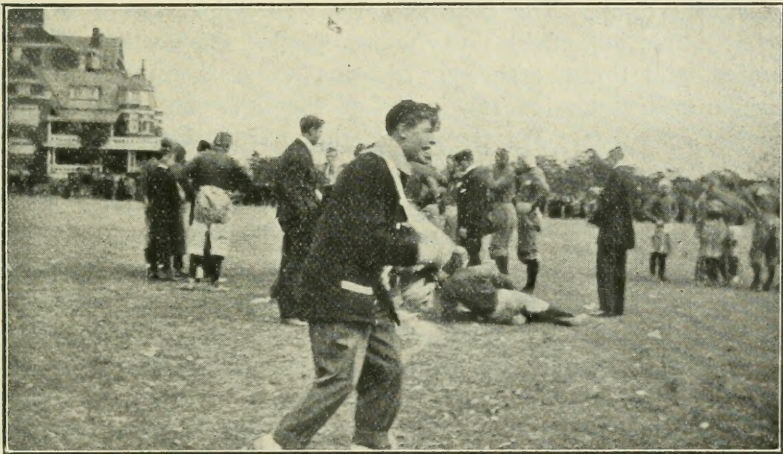
S.A.C.—Full, Ross; halves, Rogers, Delaplane, E. Smith, Bicknell; quarter, Paisley (Capt.); scrim., Bell, Oliver, R. Smith; wings, Risteen, Waterous, McPherson, Nicol, McGillivray and Montgomery.

U.C.C.—Full, Bird; halves, Lawson, Saunders (Capt.), Palmer; quarter, Blackstock; scrim., Brown, McLeod, Johnstone; wings, Roberts, Burkhardt, Kingsford, Cost, Clarkson and Galliher.

BEATY I.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

 ON Nov. 6, T.C.S. journeyed to Toronto to play the final game of the season on S.A.C.'s grounds. To clinch the championship, it was imperative for the Saints to win. However, their chances seemed to be extremely favorable, and, although the team were prepared for a hard game, no anxiety was felt as to the ultimate result. That this confidence proved well-founded is shown by the overwhelming defeat handed out to the Red and Black, St. Andrew's being ahead at the finish by



52—0. The visitors made a very poor impression, and were outclassed all the way. With only two of last year's champion team, they were not counted as dangerous from the early part of the year, and certainly their play was not up to the standard of last season. Moreover, the quality of Rugby played by S.A.C. in this game was of a correspondingly high class. They were much heavier, much faster, and had better team play than T.C.S., with the natural result. The game evoked less enthusiasm than either of its predecessors, its inequality giving little chance for a display of enthusiasm. Occasionally a brilliant run or tackle would bring forth a round of applause, but outside of the usual college yells, it was a rather quiet time.

The day was as perfect as could be, and as T.C.S. were very little behind time, the game was started sharply at half-past eleven. Dick Harcourt officiated as referee, and Stanley Mills as umpire. Both proved entirely satisfactory and impartial.

S.A.C. won the toss, and elected to defend the north end, with no marked advantage. T.C.S. failed to gain on the kick-off. They then tried an end run, but fumbled, the ball rolling into touch. Smith kicked to their quarter-way, and a T.C.S. man surprised the spectators by breaking through and running to half way. Ince punted, and Smith was downed on his quarter-way. Nicol broke away and ran for thirty yards, Smith following up by kicking a dead-line. T.C.S. tried to fake the drop, but McPherson secured on a neat drive. The next play put the Saints almost on the coveted line, but offside interference spoiled the chance. T.C.S. punted, and Smith returned, Risteén forcing a rouge. College rushed, and secured a try inside of the next minute on Montgomery's fine run. For the rest of the quarter the ball was kept in Trinity's territory, as Smith's kicking was too much for them, while S.A.C.'s wing line soon mastered their end runs. Nicol got the second try five minutes later by bucking twenty yards. Just before time he almost repeated this performance, but the Saints lost the ball, and T.C.S. were in possession on their own ten-yard line, when the whistle blew. Score: S.A.C. 12, T.C.S. 0.

To give the second quarter in detail would not only be monotonous, but also uninteresting. Although S.A.C. scored only eight points during this period, still they had T.C.S. always on the defensive. Our opponents even failed to get the ball past half-way. The Saints' wing line did a lot of unnecessary holding, which spoiled several bright chances to score. Ross did some splendid running in this part of the game, gaining frequently in returning punts. T.C.S. tried onside kicks at every chance, but Ince's punting was inclined to be erratic. After five minutes' play Smith kicked over the line, and T.C.S. were forced to rouge. Play hovered near the Red and Black's goal for several minutes, but soon the visitors fumbled on an end run, and Bicknell grabbed the ball, romping over for an easy try. Just as time was called, T.C.S. made a forward pass behind the line, giving S.A.C. a point on the foul. Half-time score: S.A.C. 20, T.C.S. 0.

The Saints started at a fast pace, and T.C.S. were in danger right away. S.A.C. were offside at the quarter-way. Ince punted,

and, when Paisley caught the ball, he made a pretty dodging run for a try, which he failed to convert, by a few inches. This was soon followed by a dead-line, and when T.C.S. got offside a minute later, Smith made a very fast run round their left end for a try. T.C.S. could gain nothing, owing principally to Montgomery's remarkable tackling, while the Saints were not long in adding to their score. They soon secured a safety touch and a try, the latter again going to Paisley on a buck. This brought the score to 38 to 0. T.C.S. were being overrun, but managed to stay the victorious Crimson and White for the remaining three minutes of the quarter. T.C.S. were unable to hold the College line.

S.A.C. opened the last quarter at T.C.S.'s thirty-yard line. Bicknell found a hole, and made a big gain, running into touch at the two-yard line. From here it was easy for Paisley to score his third try. This he converted. Soon after the kick-off, T.C.S. gained on a muff, and then Savage secured an onside kick, after considerable fumbling, and ran to S.A.C.'s twenty-five yard line. Ince tried a drop, but missed, Paisley being drawn just outside the line. For the first time, Trinity were really dangerous, but there was a remarkably quick change. Smith punted, and T.C.S. fumbled. Rogers, securing the ball, ran 60 yards before being downed. This soon resulted in two rouges. T.C.S. secured the leather at their own twenty-five-yard line, and Ince punted. Smith caught the ball on the run, and raced over for the easiest try of the day. Another rouge, following in short order, ended the scoring, and left the championship resting with the Saints.

The tackling of Montgomery was the most prominent feature of the play. It was practically faultless, while Waterous gave invaluable service in smothering Trinity's endeavors. Paisley and Smith shone on the back division, both making several brilliant runs. Ross was also very effective.

Laing and Ince were easily the best for T.C.S. The teams were:

S.A.C.—Full, Ross; halves, Rogers, E. Smith, Bicknell; quarter, Paisley (Capt.); scrim., Bell, Oliver, R. Smith; wings, Nicol, McPherson, Waterous, Risteen, McGillivray and Montgomery.

T.C.S.—Full, Martin; halves, Macauley, Ince, Lindsay; quarter, Laing (Capt.); scrim., Ambrey, Carswell, Mewburn; wings, Mallory, Clarke, Savage, Urch, Ross and McIlrae.

BEATY I.

THE SECOND TEAM

THIS year's second team, although not enjoying a very successful season in games won and lost, still have every reason to feel satisfied with their work. Inasmuch as their principal duty is to assist the firsts in rounding into shape, those who turned out faithfully during the year, should feel, and rightly so, that they have aided in no small degree the success of "the champions." Moreover, the team's record in winning one out of three contests is creditable, as both the losses were occasioned by one club. Outside of this, a lot of promising material was discovered, which augurs well for the team of '10.

Under Delaplante's enthusiastic leadership, the squad flourished from the start, although there was considerable difficulty in selecting it, owing to the inability of many to play until later on. This, coupled with several injuries, made it impossible to present the strongest line-up before the U.C.C. game, when the team redeemed themselves to a great extent.

The first game was played on Oct. 9th, at Highfield School, Hamilton, and in this the College went down to defeat by the narrow margin of 4 to 0. The wings were particularly good, holding Highfield's heavy line several times when they became dangerous. Where the Green and White won the game was behind the line, their backs running and kicking better than the Saints, who did some unfortunate fumbling. Delaplante's playing at quarter was a redeeming feature. Highfield were without the services of Higgins, their captain and centre-half.

The return match, played nearly two weeks later, resulted, contrary to expectations, in a win for Highfield by 26 to 11. Higgins starred for the winners, who, under his directions, presented a much stronger line-up. S.A.C. were hardly as effective as in the preceding game. Ross was the mainstay of the College back division, his kicking under difficulties being very conspicuous. Delaplante also made some splendid runs. S.A.C. were weakened by the loss of Firstbrook and Grant, Skead and Gunn replacing them.

The all-important struggle with the U.C.C. came next, and in this contest the seconds were strengthened by Large, the former captain of the thirds, and Matheson, while Crawford was changed

to quarter, Delaplante going to right-half. Grant replaced Crawford at outside. That this proved advantageous is shown by the result, S.A.C. coming out on top by 13—8 after a hard fight. U.C.C. were one point ahead, with five minutes to play, but the Saints responded fiercely, and succeeded in scoring six points. This makes two wins for each in the annual contest. The line-up follows:

Full, Ferguson; halves, Delaplante (Capt.), Large and Shook; quarter, Crawford; scrim., Foster, Wilson I., and Smith I.; wings, Stevenson, Snelgrove, Gunn, Grant, Haste, Firstbrook.

BEATY I.



HOOT. MON. HOOT!

THE THIRD TEAM

AS FAR as records go, the third team has had a remarkable season, having won six games and lost none, with a total of 98 points against 3 scored by their opponents. This record clearly demonstrates that this year's thirds are better than any the College has yet turned out.

The success of the team is due in a large measure to the able captaincy of Monroe, who kept the team working hard all season.

The first game, played with Highfield II.'s, resulted in a 13—1 victory. The team showed good form, but lacked team work. Parkdale II.'nds were encountered soon after, but in a hard struggle were disposed of by 12—0. S.A.C. showed great improvement in their work. Jarvis II.'nds were the next opponents, and after a good game we were returned winners by 12—1. The wing line was specially good, and Jarvis seldom gained in their runs or bucks. The return game with Highfield II.'s was played the next day, and the team were again victorious, this time by 20—0. Highfield were unable to stop our wing bucks, McKeen making many big gains.

The most important game of the season occurred the following Wednesday, being the annual fixture with U.C.C. III.'s. Although the Blue and White were considerably heavier, they were unable to hold our line, and our thirds, though hard pressed at times, managed to tighten up at critical stages, and for the first time defeated U.C.C. III.'s by 5—1. In this game the whole team played good football, and it would be difficult to pick the stars.

The last encounter was with St. Clement's, but they proved too light, and were easily beaten, 36—0. The converting of Wilson was remarkable, as he put all over, two from very difficult angles. The line-up:

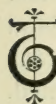
Full, Wilson III.; halves, Skead, McGregor, Munroe (Capt.); quarter, Somerville II.; scrim, Frith I., Shaw, Ault, Marshal; wings, McKeen, Sutherland, Junor, Wallace, Campbell, Montgomery II., VanderLinde.

BEATY II.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE THIRD TEAM

JUNIOR HOUSE RUGBY

 HIS year the first Junior House team were not as successful as usual, which may be seen from their record. One game was won, while two resulted in favor of our opponents.

On Sept. 25th, the Model II.'s were played, but they proved much lighter, and, in a fast and clean game, S.A.C. won easily by 25—0. At half-time the score was 12—0. The Junior House team played a good steady game, with McLennan, Bradley and Paterson II. scintillating.

Encouraged by this result, Model I.'s were challenged, but this time there was a different story. Models were heavier, and better tacklers, and although S.A.C. fought hard, still they were unable to overcome the half-time score of 24—0 against them. When the final whistle blew the Yellow and Black led by 28 to 11. Dyment and Paterson were most conspicuous for the College.

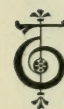
The final game of the year, with U.C.C. Prep., took place on October 25th, and in a hard struggle S.A.C. Junior House went down to defeat by 14 to 5. The score serves to show how evenly matched the teams were.

During the season Paterson II. made an efficient captain, while thanks are due to Dyment for his work as manager.

The following received colors:

Bradley, Brown II., Cassels II., Cassels III., Diver, Dyment (Manager), Freeman, Hendri, Campbell II., Paterson II. (Capt.), Olinger, McLennan, Shaw, Scott II., Whitaker I., Whitaker II.

SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

 HE annual cross-country run was held on Friday, Nov. 19th, and in spite of the rather poor day, and the heavy condition of the roads, proved to be one of the most successful in the annals of the College.

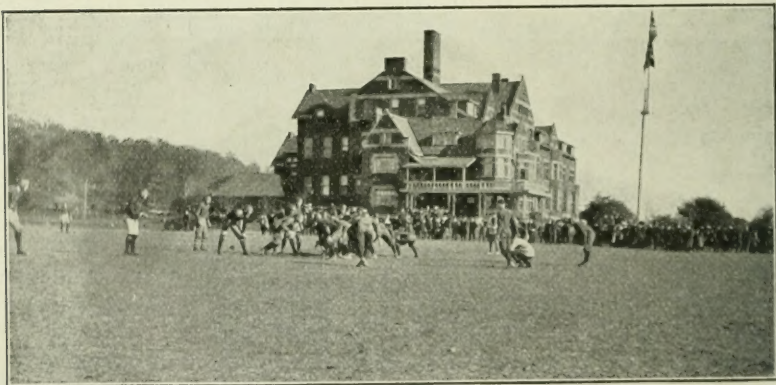
The start was made at 3.40 in the afternoon from the College gates, and Sutherland, last year's winner, at once set the pace, closely followed by Skead. After holding his place for nearly two miles, Sutherland dropped back to second, allowing Skead to take

the lead, which he maintained till the finish, covering the distance in thirty-one minutes, forty-five seconds, and making a new school record. The best previous time was 32 minutes flat. Sutherland finished second, breaking his last year's record of thirty-four minutes, seven seconds by 52 seconds. Matheson came third. Scott II., fourteenth, was the first Lower School boy to finish; time, 38 minutes, fifteen seconds.

The Athletic Association is to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which the race was handled, and a vote of thanks is also due to the large number of boys who gave up their afternoon to act as stewards and markers.


Skead, Sutherland and Matheson received, respectively, the gold, silver and bronze medals presented by the Athletic Association. Numerous cakes were also distributed. The following were the next twenty, after Matheson, to finish:

Wallace (Upper VI. cake), Davison (V.A. cake), Bowden (III. A. cake), Anderson II. (Lower Flat cake), Bicknell (1st Team cake), Taylor I. (Upper Flat cake), Leishman (IV. B. cake), Scott I. (V. B. cake), Fraser, Johnson II., Scott II. (Lower School cake), Rolph II. Beock, Spear (III. B. cake), Cockburn (Lower VI. cake), Rolph III., Wilson III. (IV. A. cake), Hallam, Henry and Hanna II.



Miscellany.

PRIZE DAY

 N Friday, October 15th, S.A.C. was en fête. The Union Jack and St. Andrew's Cross fluttering gallantly from the flagpole bespoke something out of the ordinary, while the chapel and corridors were profusely decorated with branches of maple leaves and ensigns.

From the time the first guests arrived, a constant stream of



LITTLE HOBBIES

automobiles, carriages and pedestrians poured over the bridge and through the gates, and it was not long before the spacious prayer-hall was crammed to its utmost.

The ceremonies were opened by a short service, after which Dr. Macdonald, in his address, showed the wonderful success the College had met with since its foundation, and its bright prospects for the future. He also referred to the higher matriculation standard, which necessitated a four years' course in place of the former three years.

The prizes were then presented by the following gentlemen, who took advantage of the opportunity of giving the boys good advice, while doing so: Professor Kilpatrick, Dr. Falconer, Provost Macklem, President Macdonald, Lieut.-Gov. Gibson and Canon Cody.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright, on behalf of the St. George Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, then presented Lennard with a Ross rifle, the annual prize for shooting in the Cadet Corps.

The proceedings were closed by singing the National Anthem, after which speakers, visitors and boys filed out of the prayer-hall, some to seek refreshment in the dining-room, others at the Tuck, while many went to the gymnasium, and enjoyed a pleasant little dance given by the prefects. The shades of evening had fallen ere the last visitor passed out of the gates, having thoroughly enjoyed St. Andrew's Tenth Annual Prize Day.

McKEEN I.

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL DINNER

THE annual football dinner was held on Monday, December the 13th. St. Andrew's College once more had the glory of banquetting a championship team. At 7.30 p.m. the players of the first and second teams, headed by our worthy Principal and the majority of our excellent staff, were ushered to the banquet hall.

"Dub" Sale and Herbie Allen were the only old captains present. We were afraid that "Dub" had decided not to come, but we were mistaken: he was, as usual, at the right place with his intentions of being there at the right time. The Principal occupied the seat at the head of the table as chairman and toast master, with Paisley, this year's captain, on his right. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Taylor, Mr. James, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Magner and Mr. Harriss were present as representatives of the staff, and occupied seats among the boys; and soon all were deep in the merriment which prevailed.

The banquet was held in the large dining-room, which bore decorations that made us look in pride at the beauty of the room. The large fireplace at one end of the room beamed forth with crackling heat, while the whistling cold wind outside reminded us of our comforts. Two large St. Andrew's flags hung gracefully

along the south side of the room. The north side was covered with the good old Union Jack, which had floated triumphantly during our football games.

I am afraid that I am not possessed of words which might express my thoughts as my eyes rested upon the tables. They were arranged lengthwise, stretching the entire length of the room. The whole stretch of tables was a mixture of brilliancy and softness, for at small distances apart candles were placed in twos, each in an elaborate silver holder, which numbered at least seventy-five, while numerous cut glass vases filled with lilies of the valley and Bailey chrysanthemums were on the tables. The footballs which were used in all championship games were placed in the centre of the long table. The balls were supported by some of the enthusiastic rooters' canes, which were almost invisible owing to the abundance of crimson and white that surrounded them. About all this from end to end of the tables crimson trailing ribbons were pleasingly visible.

Shook led in "March, March On, Down the Field," which made the college walls ring merrily, for, believe me, we have some good voices among us, and Shook has had some practice. Mr. James was not to be outdone by Shook, for he showed by starting up "Crash Through the Line of Blue" that he knew a good college song when he heard it.

As to the dishes which were placed before us, I must say that I am glad that THE REVIEW will be out before we leave for our Xmas holidays and not after we return, for if such were the case I fear that a reminder of such a feast would be quite apt to cause some of those who were present to wend their way towards the city, where they might burn huge holes in their trouser pockets in order to have another such meal. There were seven courses in all. Enough said. (The nurse was kept busy next day—some fellows really do eat more than they should when they get a chance.)

Before the speeches were heard an election was held. A captain for the football team of 1910 was elected. He is no other than "Tubby" Kilgour. THE REVIEW extends its congratulations, with the confidence of his leading a winning team. Kilgour was absent owing to the disagreeable night. He would have known, had he been there, just how welcome he was to his high position by the applause which followed the announcement of his election.

TOASTS.

I. "The King." Proposed by Dr. Macdonald, and "God Save the King" was heartily sung.

II. "Our Country." Proposed warmly by McGillivray, and responded to by Mr. Magner, who was greatly applauded.

III. "Our College." Proposed by McPherson I., and responded to by Mr. Robinson, who made one of the most brilliant speeches of the evening. He told a good story and passed some remarks about our school and masters which caused a great deal of laughter, showing that he is as adept at amusement as he is at teaching.

IV. "The Staff." Proposed by Gooderham, who made a neat little speech. It was responded to by Mr. Taylor, who showed his good-will towards the boys and was loudly applauded.

V. "The Athletic Association." Proposed by Rogers, who made a clever impromptu speech, and it was responded to by Waterous in a short and much to the point speech. "Chuck" is not for such speeches before such a gathering. Cosy-corners are his favorite places for eloquence.

VI. "The First Team." Proposed by our worthy and esteemed Principal, who made one of his short but eloquent speeches, which one could listen to for some time, but, worse luck, he makes them short. They are always full of good sound advice and of mirth, which makes it a treat to listen to him. The toast was responded to by Paisley.

VII. "The Second Team." Proposed by Montgomery, who delivered a speech worthy of a veteran speaker, and neatly responded to by Delaplante, who told briefly of his endeavor to give the first team the necessary hard practice which they needed.

VIII. "The Cross Country." Proposed by Nicol, who, by the way, was elected vice-captain for 1910, which is no slight honor for a new boy. The toast was responded to by Skead, who made one of those speeches that make you realize that a great deal may be said in a few words.

IX. "The Ladies." Proposed by none other than Oliver. Who could have chosen a better one for the toast? He rose blushing (believe me, I saw him holding his breath so that he would be able to blush at what he was about to say), and said that he was no fusser. We shall not dispute his word. The reply was enthusias-

tically given by Shook, who attributed great success in football to the ladies. We believe that he is much in favor of the fair sex—not very far out either.

X. "The Old Captains." Proposed by Dr. Macdonald, and was loudly applauded by the boys. It was responded to by Sale, who is our senior old captain, and also by Allen, our "next" senior old captain. He gave the team-to-be of 1910 some good advice and encouragement, which is characteristic of him.

All too soon the evening came to a close. Never again will all those happy faces of the champions be together. It shall always be a well-remembered banquet, and often in the future, perchance, as we sit smoking our peaceful pipes, we shall see again before us the football banquet of 1909 at good old St. Andrew's.

E. H. P.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

FRED CARLING has joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal, at Brockville.

GEORGE FROST is acquiring a business training with his father at Smith's Falls.

ANOTHER graduate of the Cadet Corps has recruited. Bob Anderson has just been gazetted a lieutenant in the Governor-General's Foot Guards at Ottawa.

ERIC GRANT is making use of the knowledge of German which he gained during his recent stay on the Continent, in the office of his father, who is German Consul at Halifax.

GERALD GRANT has entered on an Arts course at Dalhousie University.

HAVING concluded two years at Dalhousie University, Ed. Thorne has commenced an engineering course at the Technical School at Halifax.

GUY CAMPBELL is engaged in a business college course at Ottawa. Since leaving the College, Guy has put in two years at surveying in the West.

DON SINCLAIR has successfully concluded an Arts course at Dalhousie University, and is now registered in his first year law.

"JIMMIE" FORGIE is in his final year at Queen's.

JACK CUTLER is now a colleague of "Bung" Fleming in Arts at Dalhousie.

ALBERT and George Chase are both in business at Port Williams, Nova Scotia.

CECIL MCFARLAND has entered his father's business at Brantford.

WALTER MACNEE is entered at the School of Mining, Queen's University.

FRANK and Norman Carver have gone to Seattle, Wash., to engage in business. On their way to the West, the two dropped off at Ottawa to spend the day with a contingent of Old Boys there. At a certain repast the centrepiece consisted of Crimson and White, relics of two bygone Rugby seasons, and the tassel of a well-beloved master's mortar-board. The health of the "Old Coll." was royally honored.

DICK BURTON and Ted. Norris have been laying the foundations of their fortunes by several months of practical work in the mines at Cobalt.

BILL NORRIS has joined the business staff of the *Ottawa Free Press*.

DISCOURAGING

Though not all that's written is rotten,
Though not all is rotten that's written,
This axiom must not be forgotten:
No sign show the writers of quittin'.
So all is not written that's rotten—
That is, all the rotten's not written.
Much yet will be written that's rotten—
Much rotten is yet to be written.

Obituary

GRENVILLE PARSONS

NO break in the rank of St. Andrew's Old Boys could have caused greater sorrow than the death of Grenville Parsons. After a brief but severe illness, he passed away on the morning of the 13th of October. His fight for life, after a dangerous and necessary operation, was characterized by that bright courage that marked his whole career. When he knew that the struggle was of no avail, his resignation was touchingly beautiful.

Gren. Parson's life was one of rare spiritual grace, coupled with the sterling manliness that counts for so much in the association with one's fellows. Always bright and happy, he was ever ready to play his part, to take his share in the responsibilities of life, as well as its pleasures. He was strong morally and physically, and it seemed as if Death could not lay claim to one so full of vitality and gladness. His ready smile, hearty hand-clasp and word of cheery greeting, his great loveliness, are something to remember, and indeed, they will keep fresh for a long time the memory of one who has but come to the turning of the way a little sooner than falls to the lot of the majority.

Manly to a degree, tender and true, ever considerate and thoughtful of others, Gren. made friends, to keep them. His sunny disposition gave him a welcome place in any circle, whether of old or young. He will be sadly missed in sports and in social life by a wide circle of friends. What his death will mean to his home and to his own people none can ever know; but to Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, his brothers and sisters, THE REVIEW extends the deepest sympathy and the assurance that his name will ever be treasured in the annals of the College for which he did so much by his wholesome influence and unwavering loyalty.

He has passed into the wider sphere of the eternal at an age when most young fellows are but beginning to think of the possibilities of a long and useful career, and the influence of his too brief life will linger always among those whose days may be pro-

longed for a greater or less time. He lived worthily, and to the true betterment of all with whom he came into contact, and his end was peace.

ARTHUR J. BOLLARD


GREATER sorrow could not have been cast about our school than by the death of Arthur J. Bollard. He died August the 27th, after three or four days' illness. Although he realized that his condition was hopeless, yet he remained until death called him, courageous and bright—the two most pronounced features of his career.

"Dutch" Bollard's influence around and about the school as Head Prefect and holder of the highest offices with which a boy can be honored, was ever wholesome. He was ever ready to help the small boy out of difficulties; to make the new boy feel at home, and to see that every boy was enjoying all the privileges of the school, so that he was loved, from the new boy to the oldest boy in the school.

Truthful, kind, honest and manly were but few of his qualities. His pleasant smile and hearty laugh will never be forgotten by his many friends who attended the school during his year as Head Prefect. He was a type of our fine Canadian athletes, who always play a clean game, and play for the sport that is in it.

His loss to us can hardly be expressed, and what his death will mean to his loving parents and sister we cannot know. **THE REVIEW** extends its deepest sympathy, and its assurance that his name shall ever be remembered as one of the most loyal and willing Head Prefects of the school.

Exchanges

T is with much pleasure that THE REVIEW has received the various school magazines, from almost every corner of the globe.

The Iris, from Philadelphia High School for Girls, presents a neat appearance, and is one of the best of our exchanges.

The Calendar, Central High School, Buffalo, is again to the front with its good stories and jokes.

Acta Ridliana, from Ridley College, St. Catharines, is an excellent paper. Its cuts and verses are especially good. A joke column, however, would improve it.

The Quill, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York, is a very attractive paper, and contains good stories.

THE REVIEW wishes to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:

College Echoes, Tientsin.

McMaster University Monthly.

Lux Columbiana, Columbian College, New Westminster.

Acta Victoriana, Victoria University, Toronto.

Queen's University Journal.

The University Monthly, University of Toronto.

Boone Review, Boone University, China.

Alt-Heidelberg, Heidelberg College.

Western Canada College Review, Calgary.

The Varsity, University of Toronto.

A. O.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES

A FISHY old fisher named Fisher
 Fished for fish from the edge of a fissure.
 A cod, with a grin,
 Pulled the fisherman in;
 Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name, my boy?

New Scholar—Jule Johnson.

Teacher—Not Jule, but Julius. (To his brother)—And what is your name?

His brother—Bilious Johnson.

"Oh, my!" Ada exclaimed impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, you should say," Clarence replied rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, Clarence; this is so sudden."
 A. O.

"Sixth lap," said the little darling, as his fond mother passed him around the sewing circle.

Young Man (nervously)—There's something about—er—your daughter—I—

Crusty Pa—Yes, there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every night about eight o'clock and doesn't get away until eleven. One of these nights I'm going to kick it into the street and see what it is made of."

When is a pretty girl like a ship?

Answer—When she is attached to a boy.

CARD TABLE.

"My Queen!" fondly exclaimed the infatuated youth.

"My Jack!" softly responded the blushing maiden.

"My Club!" angrily muttered the observant father.

"My Spade!" sadly wept the local grave-digger.

"I cannot give," he sadly said,
"Even a yacht to you."
"Well," she said, "I'm sorry, but
A little smack will do."

Fair Geraldine (to a gentleman standing on her gown)—I beg your pardon, but my train doesn't carry passengers.

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow-schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little
Story, club note, song or jest.
If you want a "slick" school paper,
Each of you must do your best.

Waiter (who has just served the soup)—It looks uncommonly like rain, sir.

Diner—Yes, by Jove; and tastes like it, too.

Once a young fellow named T8
Asked K8 if she'd be his ma8.
"I'm sorry to st8,
But I'm married," said K8.
And such was the poor fellow's f8.

"Mamma, is it wrong to say Rotterdam?" asked a little boy.
"Why, no; Rotterdam is the name of a city. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Minnie asked me for some of my candy, and I told her it would Rotterdam teeth out."

"Why is it you call money dough?"
Asked a fair maiden of her beau.
And, grinning wide,
The youth replied,
"I guess because I knead it so."

A hug—energy gone to waste.

Oh, tradesman, in thine hour of e e e e,
 If on this paper you should c c c c,
 Take our advice and now be y y y y,
 Go straight ahead and advert i i i i;
 You'll find the project of some u u u u,
 Neglect can offer no ex q q q q,
 Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a a,
 A silent business soon de k k k k.—Ex.

He—You are the breath of life to me.

She—Well, suppose you hold your breath a while.

There is a small matter which some of our subscribers and advertisers seemingly have forgotten. To us it is necessary in our business. We are very modest and do not wish to speak of it.

Isn't it funny that on a railroad it's the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo?

THE JOYS OF FOOTBALL.

The game was ended, and the noise at last had died away,
 And now they gathered up the boys where they in pieces lay,
 And one was hammered in the ground by many a bolt and jar;
 Some fragments never have been found, they flew away so far.
 They found a stack of tawny hair, some fourteen cubits high;
 It was the half-back, lying there, where he had crawled to die.
 They placed the pieces on a door, and from the crimson field
 That hero then they gently bore, like soldier on his shield.
 The surgeon toiled the livelong night above the gory wreck;
 He got the ribs adjusted right, the wishbone and the neck.
 He soldered on the ears and toes, and got the spine in place,
 And fixed a gutta-percha nose upon the mangled face.
 And then he washed his hands and said: "I'm glad that task
 is done!"
 The half-back raised his fractured head, and cried: "I call this
 fun!"

P. M. AND W. D. W.

"MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS."

"The carriage waits without, my lord."

"Without what, gentle sir?"

"Without the left-hand running board,

Without the French chauffeur,

Without a drop of gasoline,

Six nuts, the can of oil,

Four pinions, and the limousine,

The spark-plug and the coil.

Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,

Without the running gear,

One cylinder—it beats the Dutch

How much there isn't here!

The car has been repaired, in fact,

And you should be right glad

To find that this much is intact

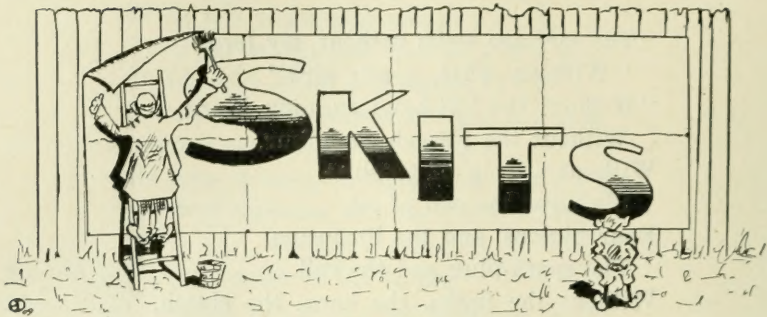
Of what your lordship had.

The garage sent it back, my lord,

In perfect shape throughout;

So you will understand, my lord,

Your carriage waits without."



POLICEMAN to Nicol at Varsity-Ottawa game: "Come down out of that tree, you big youngster, or I will hit you with this board."

Nicol: "Please wait just a minute, sir, till I unwind my legs from this bough."

Lady Visitor (looking at Evans): "Who is that romantic-looking boy?"

Dyment (to Mr. W. in study): "Sir, who is Court-Martial in England now—Lord Roberts?"

Taylor (to Mr. W.): "May I speak to Bradley, sir?"

Mr. W.: "What for?"

Taylor: "I don't know, sir."

Mr. L— (to Firstbrook): "Take one-quarter detention for that noise."

Gooderham II.: "Sir, that was my fault."

Firstbrook: "No, sir, it wasn't."

Galbraith: "Make them toss up for it, sir."

Mr. L—: "Order, boys! Order!"

Smith II.: "Fried ham and eggs please."

Fraser: "Open that window so that I can throw out my chest."

Was Eagland forgotten when the bath list was made out?

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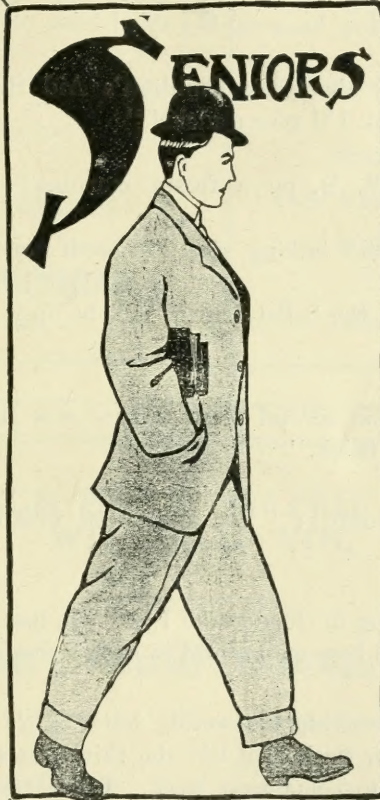
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Foster: "I don't see why they call me 'Fat' Foster."

Moore: "Huh! If a fellow is at all big around here they call him fat."

Lennard (running into Room 17): "Has anyone got a shoe horn here? I want to help Nicol into his bath."

Skead (before the mirror trying on his 3rd team sweater): "Say, fellows, do they hang up the third team picture here?"

Chuck (talking about the Children's Aid Society): "It's a good cause. I think I'll give a nickel."

Mr. T— (in V. B. on a frosty morning): "Stop talking, Oliver."

Oliver: "I wasn't talking, sir. My teeth were chattering."

"Tiny" Moore, the ballet-dancer, will be open for engagements after January 1st.

Smith I.: "That second team picture was the only one that turned out well, I think."

Master (to Lennard): "You are gaited with an hour off your leave."

Evans (referring to Gooderham I.): "He had a lot of nerve to think that he could boss me around in such a manner."

Jackson (on receiving his weekly letter): "I didn't go down last Saturday, or a week ago, but she thinks so much of me that she's coaxing me to come next week. It's certainly great to be popular with the feminine sex."

Davison II. (in wildest excitement): "Gee, but I certainly am in hot water now."

Chorus: "Why, what's the matter?"

Davison II.: "Well, I had two quarters detention, and now I've got a house late."



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Hastey: "Westwick got \$300.00 for being 'spare' in one game for Cobalt last year."

Modest McKinley: "Gee! I'd go up there myself for that much."

Lennard (trying to hold Master's horse): "It certainly is a cross between a sawhorse and a nightmare."

We are pleased to note the publication of a most pleasing comic tragedy entitled, "Ned, Bud, and Rex." Mr. F. H. Davidson, the author, receives our congratulations.

C—k (who had left for a dance at 7.30): "Do you know, when I got there all the girls said that they had their programmes filled."

The College Pros. lined up against a picked team on an ideal football day in October. The strenuous and fast playing made the game especially fine. The line-up was as follows: Full, Silver; halves, Maw, Gunn; quarter, Moore; scrimmage, Evans, Jackson, Johnston I.; insides, Courtney, Rutter; middles, Gooderham I., Abendanna; outsides, Isaacs, Walker.

Noisy Young: "Gee, I wish I had a girl!"

Bulletin Board: There will be a light Ancient History practice for the Matriculation Team this afternoon. (Signed) Vogt.
Nov. 29, 1909.

Mr. Chapman (to McGregor): "Are you going to send that order for a sweater to-day?"

McGregor: "No, sir. I've decided to wait till next year and get a first team sweater."

Anxious Ault (turning over 50 pages of notes): "What will the exam. consist of, sir?"

Mr. T.: "Ancient History, of course! Did you think it would be Roman?"

Ault: "No, sir. I thought you might fill in with Canadian"

'Phone North 963

Estimates Given

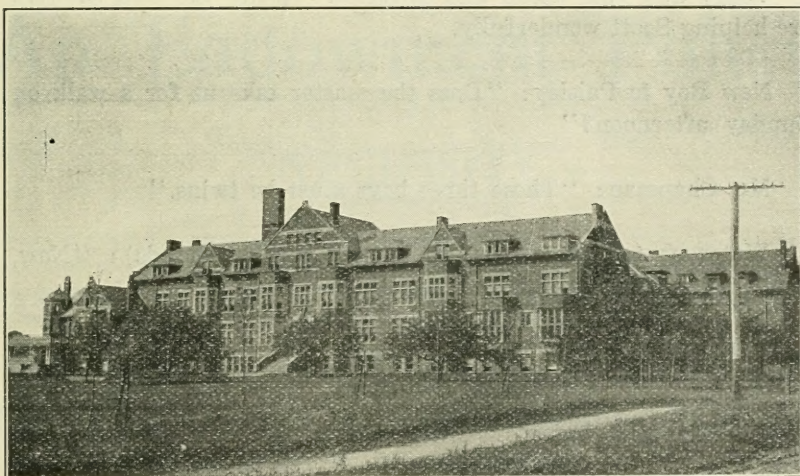
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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.,
Principal.

Master (to Johnson I. in Geometry): "What other kind of triangle is there, Johnston?"

Johnston I. (innocently): "The square one, sir."

Waterous (seeing some Junior House boys coming into the "Lit."): "Say, kids, you get your fellows to clap like the deuce when I give my speech."

Lost.—A prefect's pin. Will the girl who has it kindly return to J. J. E., as they cost seventy-five cents.

Mr. T—: "If you have anything to say, well, just keep quiet."

Mr. F—: "Yes, a good many strong men come from the Royal Military College. I went there myself."

Sid Smith: "Well, there's one thing, we don't need to worry about a pitcher for the ball team."

Joe Evans (of looking-glass fame): "Gee! I'm getting to look like a regular tough. I'll be smoking cigarettes soon.."

Veggy now eats bacon and sausages. Really the cold showers are helping Scott wonderfully.

New Boy to Paisley: "Does the master take us for a walk on Sunday afternoon?"

Mr. Chapman: "Those three boys must be twins."

Waterous (about to perform a trick with his hands): "Now, gentlemen, for the wonderful feet."

Financial Fraser (hearing a rumor about Skidmore being suspended): "Gee! I wouldn't mind being expended myself."

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SOCIETY NOTES

Miss Matty Foster gave an enjoyable tiddle-de-wink party last evening in her beautiful suite of rooms. The guests spent a very enjoyable hour. Signor J. Ferdinand Bayreuth Evans and his Italian orchestra discoursed soft, mellow strains throughout the evening.

Mr. De Gordon Allan has again entered upon his social duties after a severe illness.

Sergeant "Red" McPherson, of the crack college corps, has left to take up a position in the Boys' Brigade of Rosedale.

It has been an open secret for some time that Miss Georgina Maw and Mr. Claudius Spohn, the renowned college athlete, are soon to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. "Society Notes" tenders its most hearty congratulations.

Miss Drummy Mathison, the charming young actress, entertained at tea recently in honor of the season's debutantes. Miss Mathison was elaborately gowned in a soft, clinging creation of pale blue. Among those present were Miss Stately Gooderham, who wore a princess gown of heliotrope and white lace and carried a huge bunch of cauliflowers, and Miss Lucille Nicol of Vancouver, who is extremely pretty and wore a beautiful gown of pale pink liberty satin, with overdress of embroidered miron de soie. Miss Risteen and Miss Lindy Isaac, who assisted in looking after the guests, wore dresses of white messaline and blue charmeuse. All carried beautiful bouquets of sunflowers, presented by the debutantes' friends. Some of those present were: Miss Firefly McKinley, Miss Kiss-me-not Waterous, Miss Chemise Maw, and Miss Amelia Taylor, whose many friends took this opportunity of congratulating her on her engagement to Mr. Scott, the celebrated young actor, now starring in "Why Girls Leave Home."

